WOODEN AGE

A Satyrical

POEM.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia cœli,
Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID.

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THE MODERN AGE

A Satyrical

POEM.

Humbly Inscribed to

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;

SIR,

IT is a great Misfortune, which any Nation or People labour under, when those that are entrusted with Places of the greatest Importance, have not an adequate Capacity to discharge them. 'Tis this renders us despicable Abroad, and ridiculous at Home; what Room is there for Sarcasm? What an ample Field for Satyre? when those who ought to understand the fundamental Part of the Constitution as well as their Alphabet, can pronounce no Letters of that so perfect, as the Syllables Yes and No. Why might not *Caligula*'s Horse be esteem'd as fit for a Senator as some of these, when the Dictator might have interpreted his inarticulate Sounds, to signify his Assent or Denial to which ever Side of the Question he himself was inclin'd to.

BUT 'tis not only here that Men of weak Judgments bear the Sway, but in other Cases also; the Want of Understanding generally prevails; What else could induce a Special Jury (who are far from thinking meanly of their own Capacities) to find a Person Guilty (who had before been harrass'd and oppress'd, I may say crush'd by the powerful Great) by *Innuendo*'s only, when no direct Proof could be produc'd. This, these Gentlemen must know (if they know any Thing, which I believe is not much) to be directly contrary to the Laws of the Land, and an absolute Infringement on the Liberty of the Subject; What can we term them then but *Senseless Logs*? (not to say worse) Who can see those Liberties trampled upon, and instead of endeavouring to Stem the Tide of Oppression, swim with it.

'TIS in vain for me to instance in one or two Particulars; an universal Defection of good Sense has now diffus'd itself over our Hemisphere,

and as the *Metallick* Ages are all long enough ago gone, ſo now the *Wooden* Age, the worſt and laſt (notwithſtanding *Ovid*'s Aſſertion) is come upon the Stage. How long it may continue no one, I preſume, will venture to ſay, but at preſent we find no Likelihood of any Amendment. Every *Metal'd* Thing that has any ſhining Property belonging to it has been mark'd out, purſu'd, and buried under the heavy Weight of an over grown *Timber-Log*.

I have read ſomewhere in the Hiſtory of the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, That near *Guayaca* is the Stump of a hollow Tree, call'd *Tlaco-Chavoga*, which before 'twas Thunder-ſtruck (which occaſion'd its Hollowneſs) could conveniently ſcreen a thouſand Men, from the Inclemency of the Sun, under its wide extenſive Boughs. If ſuch large *Trees* are to be found there, why may it not be ſuppoſed there may be bigger Trees in the World, able to ſhelter more Men under their Boughs, as well as caſt a larger Shadow over the Country wherein they happen to grow? This Story, Sir, may ſeem ſomething unaccountable, but it is to be found in *Gordon*'s Rarities of *Nevo Spain*.

I believe no Man of Senſe will diſpute the Abilities of the great E---l of *Ch——d*, or L—d *Co——m*, in their different Stations, and yet, becauſe ſome *Mettle* appear'd in them too bright for our Horizon, they were oblig'd to diſappear; Who then can blame us for calling this the WOODEN AGE, when nothing elſe but *Wood* bears Sway? When nothing is now in Eſteem but what is fit to be ſaw'd out into *Planks*, to patch up ſome *Partition Treaty*.

I am very ſenſible, Sir, how much I am at preſent deviating from the common Road of Dedication, which is commonly ſtuff'd with fulſome Encomiums on the Patron.

BUT he that writes to a Patriot ſhould remember, their Actions ſpeaks loudly for themſelves, and need not any Advocate to ſound them.

THE following Satyr is general, not levell'd againſt any particular Set of Men, or form'd upon any private Pique or Grudge; how it may be receiv'd I won't preſume to be certain, but if we can form any Conjecture of Things, its Succeſs I am afraid will be but ſmall in this *Wooden Age* of ours. But however, if the benevolent few *mettall'd* Things that are left, will but vouchſafe to look upon it with a favourable Eye, the Author will think himſelf entirely happy, regardleſs of ſtupid Cenſure of the *wooden* Criticks.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant to command,

The AUTHOR.

THE WOODEN AGE.

A Satyrical POEM.

SINCE the *Metallick Ages* all are paſt,
Let's hail this WOODEN AGE of ours at laſt;
Where *every Thing* is now for *nothing* good,
Unleſs 'tis form'd and fram'd of ſolid *Wood.*
Where *Blocks* and *Beetles* riſe in Rev'rence high,
And *Timber-Yards* our publick Poſts ſupply:
Clubs and *Battoons* o'er Sea and Land preſide,
And *Hobby-Horſe's-Tails* great Councils guide.
Bed-Staffs upon their Tips ſedately walk,
And, like Philoſophers, with *Broom-Sticks* talk.
Pulpits and *Desks* on moral Truths debate,
And *Turn-Stiles* think they're fit to fix the State.
Tough *Oaken-Planks* look fierce as *Cenſors Morum*,
And *Five-Bar'd-Gates* ſtand Juſtices of *Quorum*.
Church-Biers pen Elegies in moving Verſe,
And *Shepherds-Crooks* ſoft Paſtorals rehearſe:

Sweet

Sweet Opera-Tunes hoarſe *Nut-Crackers* compoſe,
Fit to be humm'd by Charriot-driving Beaus.
Couches print Love-Gazettees, and humorous tell,
How *Damon* languiſh'd, and how *Phillis* fell.
Ladders and *Chairs* high-capering Jiggs can dance,
And cut as clear, and ſtrong, as fam'd *Battoon* of *France*.
Nine-Pins and *Wheel-barrows* like Actors rage,
And *Muſtard-Bowls* make Thunder for the Stage.
Joint-Stools at ſolemn Conſultations ſit,
And *Oval-Tables* criticize on Wit.
Barn-Doors and *Cheſts* do wond'rous Wealth acquire,
And to be Aldermen and Mayors aſpire.
Turn-Spikes turn Robbers on the King's Highway,
And bid our captive Travellers ſtand and Pay;
Great Sums of Money moſt unrighteous raiſe,
And leave the Wind and Sun to mend the Ways.
Ev'n *Whipping-Poſts* do Daily Papers write,
And our *Cart-Tails* can Politicks indite.
The *Stocks* aloud againſt Confinement bawl,
And *Round-Houſes* for *Habeas Corpus* call.
Pillories make Speeches on Occaſion,
And *Tyburn*'s Lord Chief-Juſtice of the Nation.

If any *Metall'd Thing* looks up and ſhines,
'Tis baniſh'd to the Gallies or the Mines.
Then ſince the World, as Oracles require,
Will one Day be diſſolv'd in blazing Fire,
Now, now's the Time to light the Funeral Pyre.
Never were greater Heaps of Fuel known,
Nor ever Men more perfect *Faggots* grown.

Pan,

Pan, and *Sylvanus*, all ye Foreſt Powers,
Was ever ſuch a WOODEN AGE as ---- *Ours?*
The *wooden Stateſman* wooden Treaties makes,
The *Merchant* wooden Voyages undertakes:
No ſooner has he ſtor'd his Ship with Goods,
But *Guard de Coſta's* ſecure both Ship and Wood.
What *wooden Charges* wooden Judges give,
Fit only for ſuch ſtupid Logs to believe.
What *wooden* Verdicts wooden Juries vent,
Inflict an undeſerved Puniſhment:
Find *Innuendo's* good, if there's no Name,
Two Years Impriſonment for ROBIN's *Game*.
See there Sir *Blue*, his *wooden Schemes* diſplay,
Which in a *Blaze* evaporate away:
His ill-tim'd Projects ſoon as form'd expire,
And only ſerve to light his funeral Pyre.
Church-Doors alone from ſolid Wood ar'n't fram'd,
Its *Pillars* too from ſenſeleſs Logs are nam'd:
Frauds to conceal what *wooden L---s* deviſe:
What *Faggots* thoſe who voted for *Exciſe*.
What ſtrange Deluſions *Country Forreſts* cheat,
Inſtead of *golden*, *wooden Pills* they eat:
Hard of Digeſtion, rarely ſwallow'd down
Unleſs by ſome poor ſcrubby wooden Town.
The *metal'd Chiefs* Commiſſion muſt not ſtand,
But *wooden Chiefs* muſt wooden Troops Command.
In vain the former ſtrives to draw his Sword,
Uſeleſs it turns to *Wood* at ---- Word.
The *Lawrel* us'd the Poet's Brow t' adorn,
But now 'tis well converted to the *Thorn*:

That blooming Tenderneſs could never make
The leaſt Impreſſion on a modern *Stake*.
Empty ſcull'd *Blockheads* now enough are found,
Whoſe Thickneſs bids Defiance to a Wound.
What *wooden* Scribblers *wooden* Fools maintain,
All to defend a *wooden* Cauſe in vain.
The glorious Prince deſign'd for *B*-----'s Good,
Muſt now receive his Honours in a *Wood*.
Another Prince for different Ends deſign'd
His *wooden* Honours timely has reſign'd.
A Northern *Plank* thoſe *wooden* Glories boaſts,
And he to *Good-Wood* quits his former Poſts,
Well might the *metall'd* ---- ſend his *Staff*,
And well we may at *wooden* ---- laugh:
Whilſt *wooden* Figures rule, the *Kingdom's* ſafe,
Mettal's too ſhining to enjoy a Place.
All our Tranſactions are but *wooden Jobs*,
Patch'd up by *wooden Planks* and *wooden Bobs*
'Tis plainly ſeen by each unnatural Stroke,
His Country feels that he is form'd of *Oak*.
Others, indeed, have leſs obdurate been,
Soft, tender, ſappy, plyable, and thin.
What *wooden* Plays our *wooden* Bards indite,
Only for Porters fit when they're at ſh-te,
What *wooden* Actors *wooden* Parts rehearſe,
Inſtead of Speaking murder every Verſe.
Thus *wooden Cibber*, proud the Times to ſooth,
Now condeſcends to act in *wooden Booth*:
Forſakes *good Senſe*, which long had worn the *Bays*;
And his own *wooden Compoſitions plays*.

The

The married Dame who always us'd to prize
Experienc'd *Mettal*, now as much decrys;
Haſp'd up in *Wood* for *Tunbridge* quits her Houſe,
And there for *wooden* Toys cornutes her Spouſe.
The City Laſs can't deem the Bumpkin good,
Unleſs ſhe ſees a large Eſtate in *Wood*.
The needy Mendicant forbears to beg,
Unleſs with *wooden Crutch* or *wooden Leg*:
The wealthier One attempts the State to rule,
But by corrupting many a *wooden Tool*.
The Doctor too would often miſs his Mark,
Did he not much applaud his favourite *Bark*.
And roundly ſwear by all that's great and good,
That Phyſicks nought unleſs 'tis made of *Wood*:
So well to *wooden* Doſes he's inclin'd,
If you refuſe the *Tree* he'll ſend the *Rind*.
Bridges of *Stone* once bore the foremoſt Rank,
Now none will ſerve us but of ſolid *Plank*:
Aſſeſs'd, the Paſſenger muſt pay the Price,
Whilſt o'er the *Waves* new *wooden Honours* riſe.
Staunchly to *vote* the Villain ſeems inclin'd,
Yet *wooden Pails* of Beer oft change his Mind.
No more, now turn'd he heeds his Country's Weal,
But drowns thoſe Thoughts in *wooden* Cups of Ale.
What Crowds of *wooden Figures* did deviſe
To bring in *wooden Shoes*, and worſe *Exciſe*.
What numerous *Suckers* ſee we daily riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring *Tops* attempts to reach the *Skies*.
Excreſcent *Branches* every where are ſeen,
Fit to lop off, and burn upon the *Green*.

What monſtrous *Pollards* have we overgrown,
For Shape and Size, to former Times unknown.
Look back old *Time*, now ſee thyſelf outdone,
Such Heaps of Fuel ne'er before was ſhown,
Nor Men ſo fond of *wooden Trifles* grown.
Inſtead of brandiſhing the the glittering *Steel*,
The Youth to Arts and Arms muſt bid farewel.
The ſingle *Stick* is better underſtood,
Or knotty *Quarter-Staff* made out of *Wood*.
The tender Miſs her Sciſſars muſt not uſe,
That's *Mettal*; no, 'tis *Wood* muſt all produce.
Hence *Prince* himſelf, and *wooden Noblemen*,
At *wooden Exerciſes* oft are ſeen.
Thus one continued *wooden Scene* is ſeen,
Logs, *Faggots*, *Broom-Sticks* imitating Men.

Ye nimble-footed *Satyrs*, and ye *Fawns*,
Who hannt the *Groves*, and love dewy Lawns,
Grant, we a *Metamorphoſis* may find,
Nor more be ſubject to the *wooden Kind*:
Into the Compoſition *Mettle* caſt,
That we may ſee this WOODEN AGE at laſt.

FINIS.